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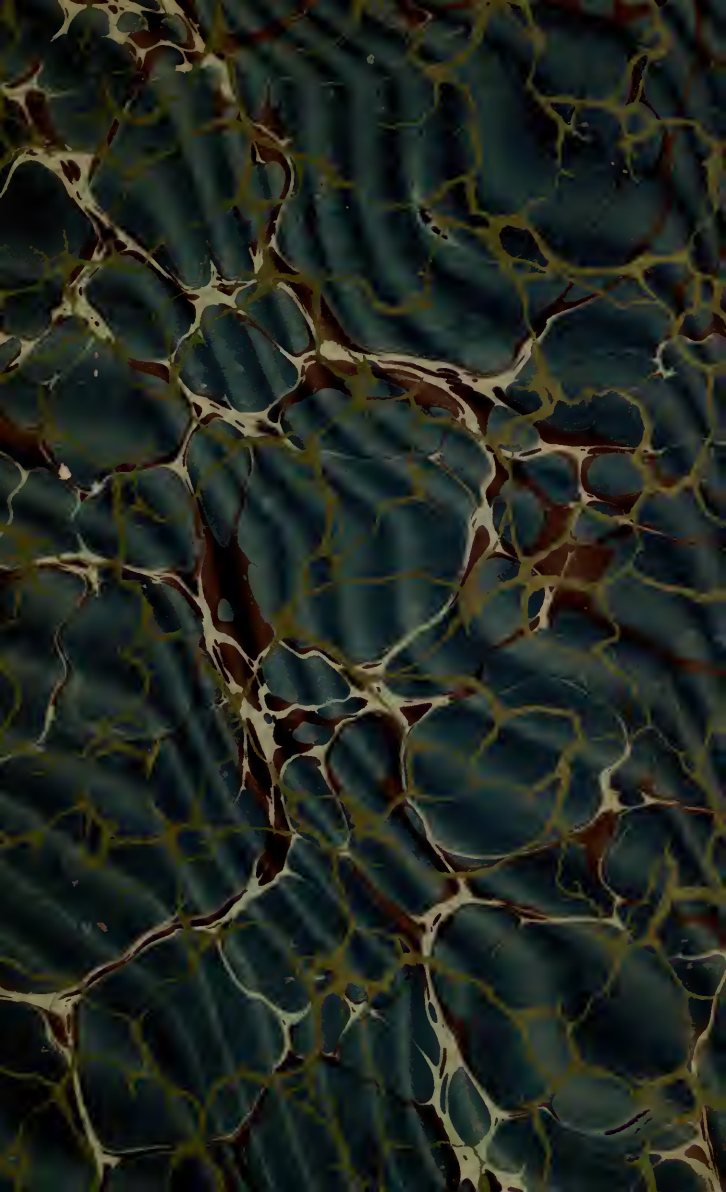
AND

OTHER VERSES.

J. W. MORGAN.



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IN AN INDIAN GARDEN

AND

OTHER VERSES

BY

J. W. MORGAN

MADRAS
HIGGINBOTHAM & CO.
1911.

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Some of the following verses have appeared from time to time in the columns of "The Empress"; they are now republished with the kind permission of the Editor, to whom my thanks are due.

J. W. M.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Dedication	... 1
In an Indian Garden	... 2
The Breaking of the Rains	... 4
Night-fall in Baluchistan	... 5
Dost Thou Remember ?	... 6
'Tis Done !	... 8
Where I Would Be	... 9
Three Lives : A Frontier Tale	... 11
Fragments	... 15
'Tis Then	... 16
Then Lay Me Low	... 20
Wunnerie	... 21
The Bheel's Lament	... 22
A Farewell	... 27
Farewell ! Dear Wales	... 29
Oh ! Why so Unkind !	... 30
My Last " Good-bye "	... 33
Song of the Kymric Exile	... 34
Oh ! Love	... 36
Song : Parted For Ever	... 37
Ever and Ever	... 38
Fhir A Bhata	... 40
The Flower Thou Gav'st Me	... 42

	PAGE
Keltic Song, 'Ochein'!	... 43
To Nina	... 44
Psalm in Praise of the Marwar Desert.	45
Thy Resting-Place	... 51
"Love's Light", or "The Gates of the East"	... 52
Ave, Maris Stella!	... 55
A Mountain Rose	.. 57
Flowers	... 60
Lead Me There!	... 62
Snowdrops and Cypress	... 65
A Message (Song)	... 68
The Earth is Fair!	... 69
To a Mallard	... 71
The Bleating of the Flocks	... 74
To a Moth	... 77
Blossom and Blight	... 83

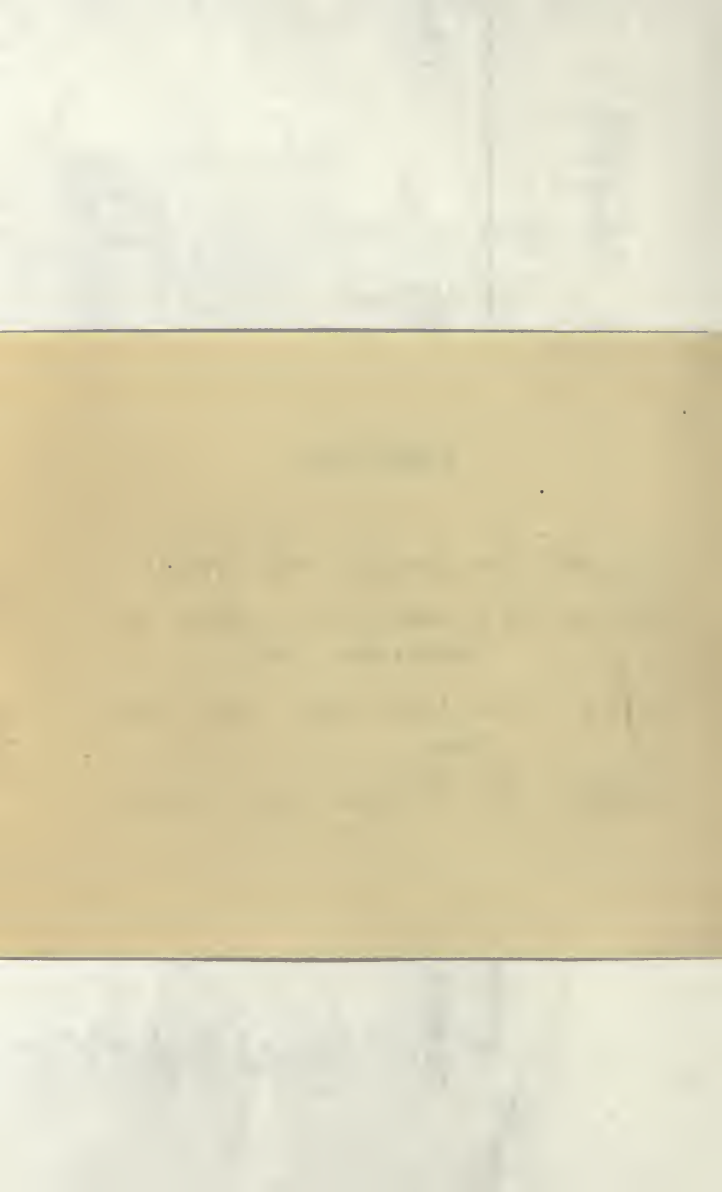
ERRATA.

Page 40. *For 'eve'ing,' read 'evening'.*

Page 55. *For comma after 'those,' read
comma after 'love'.*

Page 73. *For 'came-lmen' read 'camel-
men'.*

Page 84. *For 'low land' read 'lowland'.*





A Dedication.

A little book to thee I send,
A few stray lines at random pen'd ;
To call them " poems " were not true,
But " rhymes " or " verses, "—just a few !
And if perchance mid ash and more
Of dust and dross, one gem thou find,
Then know 't was thine own hands the ore
Of baser metal thus refined.



In an Indian Garden.

Beebee Râbîah Dowrâni!

(And I sit by the cypress tree)
Long silent thou hast been sleeping
'Neath the white-domed mosque where he
Had left thee, who loved thee,—weeping
Where I sit by the cypress tree!

Beebee Râbîah Dowrâni!

(The rose-petals silently fall)
Him,—who had conquered the Deccan
—Held life and death at his call—
Didst love with thy love of woman,
Where the rose-leaves silently fall?

Beebee Râbîah Dowrâni!

Dost thou know how the years have fled?
Thy mosque as the white Tâj gleaming,
Where the glare of the sun is shed!
Didst lie in his arms here, dreaming,
Ere these hundreds of years had fled?

Beebee Râbîah Dowrâni!

—From the red oleander's bough
Softly the turtle-dove's cooing
With her tenderest voice and low!—
Naught didst thou leave, say! but rueing,
For him who had loved thee so?

Beebee Râbiah Dowrâni!

(The bulbul's sweet piping I hear)

Where grow the jasmine and roses,

Where the fireflies nightly flit near—

—Dost know how thy love reposes?

Aurungzebe!—the soul thou loved dear?

Aurungzebe! Râbiah Beebee!

—No answer ye give to my cry?

Sleep ye the sleep without waking,

While orange and rose blossoms die?

Or dying—yet unforsaking

Ye love where 's no tear and no sigh?

Silent! all silent, that garden!

(And the rock-doves fly home to rest)

The shadows lengthen and widen,

Dim faded the minaret's crest:—

—Then nearer, my love! my bride, then!

Come nestle yet closer my breast!



The Breaking of the Rains.

The storm-clouds gather ! the thunders roll !
And dark are each crag and fell !
The shivering lightning rends the sky
As flames from the gates of hell !

Yet near and nearer rolls on the storm,
And veiled is the valley's mouth !
Still dense and denser the driven mist
Flees 'fore the gale from the South,

No longer the blue Sawálik hills
Horizon the outspread Doon,
This raging tempest is ush'ring in
The longed-for West monsoon !

Still onward pressing, through gorge and
—With rushing the waters roar ! [pass!
Till down the forest-clad northern slopes
They greet in the wild Aglore.

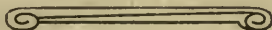
The night then darkens, yet muttered rage
Resounds o'er the glens away,
But thirsting Nature, with joy again,
Now welcomes the break of Day.

Night-fall in Baluchistan.

The sun has set, though last red rays
Linger still on yon icy heights,
Which cold and dark forbidding rise
In solemn grandeur to the skies :
—A lonely witness of dead days,
Where naught but driven snow alights.

The ev'ning wind which coldly blows
Across the drear and barren land,
Now softly bears the plaintive call
From far within the village wall,
By which each true Islàmi knows
The summons to the faithful band.

No rude nor clanging bells are there
To warn believers seek their God :—
The distant cry you faintly hear
Which bids you lend a list'ning ear,
Is some muezzin's call for pray'r :
And scene and voice and hour accord.



Dost Thou Remember ?

Dost thou remember that glorious night
 When all around, save the wind whisp'ring
 Was hushed and still? [low,
 We stood together, while the moon's pale
 Fell in silver rays on thy lovely brow, [light
 And lit up those lustrous eyes of thine,
 Which shone with dark beauty into mine?
 —I see thee still!

Thus when thy bosom softly rose and fell
 With fairer form than e'er woman posses-
 Could I resist? [sed,
 And my burning passion forbear to tell;
 E'en though hidden an anguish rent this
 breast?
 When pulse throbbed to pulse, and heart to
 heart,
 With lips pressed to lips, nor fain to part,
 How then desist!

So as I strained thee, dear, close in mine arms
 And kissed thy soft cheeks and thy bud-like
 Didst thou forbid? [mouth,
 While against my breast thy soft swelling
 charms
 Caressed by the breeze of that sunny south

Pressed gently, till each breath meeting
breath,
Our souls commingled—one life, one death,
Till Fate should bid.

Then to the full did I drink in thy love
Which welled from thy breast in fast-falling
And fevered kiss : [tears,
Where none but the orbs in the vault above
Could witness our vows, our joys, and our
[fears :
Wrapt close in each others arms we stood
Nor recked of the future time that would
Soon blight our bliss.



'Tis Done !

'Tis done ! Fate's decree fulfilled ; we part !
Is it Ever, oh ! light of my heart ?

'Tis hard to endure, but must be borne,
No more I'll ask thee, by Heav'n I've
Regret not for me, tho' it may cause [sworn.
My heart such anguish ne'er can be
[yours :

Let other's fond glance respond to thine,
Blighted is the love I once thought was
[mine !

Another's caress may greet thy call !
Naught will I heed, since in *thee* I've lost
Another's first-born sleep at thy breast, [all !
Watched over by *thee*, by *thee* put to rest.
Another's fond arms will round thee twine,
Thou on another thy dear head recline :
Yes : thou wilt be happy, love, whilst I ?
Let me not think of it, or let me die !



Where I Would Be.

On a lone stern rocky shore,
 Where the fury of the gale
 Makes the wild waves boom and roar,
 Plaintively or moan and wail:—
 'Tis there, that I would be!

Far mid mountains wild and grand
 Where in azure cloudless skies
 Snow-clad peaks majestic stand,
 And at rest creation lies:—
 'Tis there, that I would be!

In a peaceful mountain dell
 Warm and sheltered from the storm,
 List'ning to the cattle-bell—
 Watching ev'ning shadows form—
 'Tis there, that I would be!

Watching, when at even-fall
 Homeward with his flock or herd
 Wends the peasant, whilst his call
 Faintly on the air is heard:—
 'Tis there, that I would be!

By some moonlit jheel or marsh,
Or by gently rippling seas,
Harkning to the night-bird's harsh
Wailing call float on the breeze:—
'Tis there, that I would be !



Three Lives : a Frontier Tale.

On an Indian Frontier station
Bordered by the Afghan hills,
Where the summer sun falls fiercest,
Though the wind of winter chills,
There had lived a young Lieutenant
Not long married to his bride,
Serving with a Native regiment,
And an infant son their pride.

Happy thus they'd lived together
For a space of two whole years,
Suff'ring heat and hardships bravely
Sharing all their joys and fears :
Suddenly one night while darkness
Hid from all the country nigh,
Shouts arose amid cantonments,
While stray shots came whizzing by.

'Tis the tribesmen's mid-night raiding,
Thirsting after blood and loot,
Down from out their barren mountains
On they come with yell and shout :
Out the Mess room, out their houses,
Off'cers rush with sword in hand,
Whilst hard by the bugle's sounding,
And to arms the sepoy's stand.

None amongst them fears his foeman,
 Vengeance on each wild Pathán
 Fills the stalwart Sikh with burning
 Hatred for the fierce Afghán,

* * ' * *

Though our victr'y cost not many—
 Lives are yearly lost like this
 Yet there fell that night amongst us
 One whom ev'ry heart did miss.

Home from India's plains and mountains
 To the land that gave her birth,
 With her boy a widow journeyed
 To her home beyond the Firth.
 There in poverty and sorrow
 Striving all she could to spare
 Out her scanty widow's pension
 Means to teach her laddie there.

When about some sixteen winters
 Thus in frugal thrift she'd pass'd,
 On an oft remembered morning
 What they waited came at last :
 'Twas that to her lad was granted
 What unto a lucky few
 As reward for death in action,
 To the son is reckoned due.

This a much-sought Queen's Cadetship
 Which entitled Lorn to go
 To the Sandhurst Milit'ry College
 There to soon his keenness show.
 Drills and riding soon were mastered,
 Digging, marching, all they taught
 Till when eighteen months were over,
 Sandhurst days an end were brought.

Still two years, and on the frontier
 Neath a burning Indian sun,
 Proud in what he deemed an honour,
 Served a father's only son.
 Oft from home came mother's letters
 Which a tender love did bear,
 Trusting that a God in Heaven
 Would o'er him keep watch and care,

Once again across the border
 Came the tribesmen as of yore,
 Slaying men and children heedless
 Of such scenes of blood and gore.
 But to punish these marauders
 Starts an expedition forth
 "Life for life" must be the motto,
 Just in venting thus their wrath.

Tow'rs are burnt and homesteads plundered—
 Hard it is to otherwise
 Make the wild and ruthless clansmen
 Heed aught else beneath the skies.
 Then reprisal fully meted,
 Homeward wends the band its way—
 Now 's the time the wary snipers
 Press the rear-guard night and day.

Deftly is the march accomplished—
 Not one round nor rifle lost—
 And the tribesmen taught a lesson
 That they found was to their cost.

* * * *

But another name's been added
 To the roll of those who rest
 'Cross the oft-fought North-West Frontier—
 —May-be God thus thought it best!



Fragments.

Though I have loved thee, yet let thee go
 With words of love unspoken,
 Though I have bid thee pass by, and know
 Of Love we hold no token.

Though we have bidden farewell for all
 Eternity—Forever !
 Ah! wherefor God give life but to call
 Heart unto heart, then sever !

* * * *

Once more we've met:—too soon to part,
 Yet e'er whilst far away
 Remembrance still shall warm my heart
 Till life's last closing day.

* * * *

If perchance some summer's ev'ning
 Thy time fall heavy on thy hand,
 And thou careless read these verses
 Here written in a far off land :

Let not aught I've said displease thee,
 For ne'er was my intention so:—
 All I hope's to be remembered
 By one I met long years ago.

'Tis Then !

When winds blow chill o'er that desert land
Of camel-thorn, rock, and sand ;
Where night falls dark at the close of day
Fast changing from pink to grey
The snow-wrapt summit of Takatu,
Or Murdar's dark rocks of blue,
On which still lingering yet awhile
The last rosy sunbeams smile :—
'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee !
My love, that I long for thee !

When o'er Himáliás chains afar
I wander, where déodár
In stately majesty tower high,
And softly the breezes sigh
Through pine-tree branches or gently blow
O'er flower-clad glades below ;
While often the cuckoo's welcome call
Is heard midst the forest tall :—
'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee !
My love that I long for thee !

Out here when India's fierce burning sun
 Sinks low, and the day's nigh done
 (Though still like brass shines the western
 And listless the crows still fly [sky,
 With mouths agape) a soft breeze at last
 Then bids us forget the past
 Long stifling hours : and there rises soon
 In splendour the silver moon :—
 'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee !
 My love, that I long for thee !

When mid-night watches are stealing by
 As lone on my couch I lie, .
 While sighing zephyrs my face caress
 And chase from my mind distress :
 While slowly—slowly the Plough turns
 And stillness reigns, save the sound [round,
 Of flying-foxes which pass o'erhead.
 Or wandering jackal's tread—
 'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee,
 My love, that I long for thee.

When wintry storm-clouds are hanging low
And landwards the breakers flow ;

When drives from the North across the plain
The bitter cold wind and rain ;

When mists are wrapping in damp embrace
The mountains, or onward race

From height to height, and through gorge and

While storm-shattered branches wail—[vale

'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee,

My love, that I long for thee.

When moonlight glitters upon the wave

And ripples the boat's side lave :

When splash of oars which keep stroke to

Of plaintive-sung chant or rhyme' [time

Is heard when ev'ning just fades to night

And stars appear, shining bright :

Whilst fireflies glint by the water's edge

Or flit round the spangled hedge :—

'Tis then, my love, that I think of thee,

My love, that I long for thee.

When yellow glow at the sunset hour
The long jungle grass and flow'r
Of wild babool tree, whose fragrant smell
Now scents each warm rocky dell ;
Where coos the dove with her mournful tone
And dully the insects drone :
Till softly—silently—falls the night—
'Tis then that my heart I plight,
Yes ! then, my love, that I think of thee
My love, that I long for thee :



Then Lay Me Low.

No lover's arms shall welcome me home,
 No glowing lips be pressed to mine,
 None watch the path I far off roam,
 No darling's eyes thro' tears for me shine !

Unheeded drift, no anchor to hold !
 Hope fled a breast now chilled and sad :
 Oh ! woman's heart, how false—how cold
 Has proved thy love, which once made me
glad.

* * * *

Then lay me low in some desert spot
 Far from the surging throng of men,
 Where barks the kákar from its haunt
 Deep in the stillness of mountain glen.

There, or where sounds the plover's lone call
 On moorland wild ; or coos the dove
 From the babool-tree's thorny branch
 Telling the ever sad tale of love.

No funeral rites I ask for me—
 Nature was e'er my god, my all :
 Lay me to rest, then let me be
 Till heaven shall bid me hear its call.

Wunnerie.

Wunnerie ! Wunnerie ! thou art gone
 From this land that is smitten with death !
 Famine must cease e'er the year be done—
 Cholera go, with a clouded sun—
 But alas ! never more can life's breath
 Return to thee, Wunnerie ! Wunnerie !

Thine only, Wunnerie, was the light
 Which could shine in that place of despair !
 Always to thee would my thoughts take
 Coming, or going—at morn or night, [flight,
 Only thine the dear brightness that there
 Would cause me to linger, sweet
Wunnerie !

Farewell to thee, Wunnerie ! Wunnerie !
 It was love that I bore thee indeed ;
 God welcome thee, Wunnerie ! Wunnerie !
 To the land where thy spirit has fled.

The Bheel's Lament.

Wail!—Wail, O my land, for the death of thy
people !

Let mourning not cease 'mongst those that
remain !

Sad—sad are their homes midst thy hills
and thy jungle,

And low is the sound of grinding the
grain !

Gone!—gone are thy sons and thy daughters
forever,

For heavy Death's hand did fall far and
near,

Dead—dead are they all and return can they
never

To hamlet and hut, nor hearth once so dear.

Wail!—Wail, O ye Bheels, throughout Malwa
and Meywar !

Nor less your lament, O ye of Panch M'hals !

Mourn, too, all that come from the Mhye and
from Réwa,

For lo! o'er your dead the hungry dog
snarls !

Where—where now the cottage which once
was so cheery ?

And where now the flock which browsed
on the hill ?

Naught—naught save the ruins deserted and
dreary

That lie in our vales so silent and still !

Where, too, are the cattle which were our
possession ?

And where the good yoke which ploughed
in our field ?

Long since were they slain when the pangs
of starvation

Grew fierce, and we knew our doom was
nigh sealed.

Spent soon the scant store of the grain that
was left us !

Then Death laid his hold and gripped all
the land :—

Rich—rich was the harvest which soon had
bereft us

Of parent and child with withering hand !

What, then, if we looted the gaums and the
buniya !

For asked we not but an eighth what we
gave ?

Say! did they not take in times that were
sunnier

The best of our grain to hoard and to save?
Then—then came we forth from the forest
and jungle,

And sharp were our arrows— strung were
our bows!

Ha! see how the cowering bloodsuckers
tremble

For fear of our shafts and death-dealing
blows.

Then bribed they the Moslems to save them
from plunder,

Who armed soon with guns and swords for
the fray:—

Ah! what though we strained till our bows
broke asunder,

Could arrows avail 'gainst weapons as they!

Still, foiled though at Jhálod, we looted
Muára,

In Sunth and Selkari, Wágar the same—

Ay! spread soon the tidings both nearer and
farther

Till close at our heels the troops hast'ning
came.

Fled we to the hills like the swift-footed
cheetul

Which scents in the air the taint of its foe;

There, who could molest us, or who be our
equal,

Where none save ourselves the pathways
can know !

Yet, Fate had decreed it and Death was our
portion,

What matter e'en tho' we worked for our
bread—

Soon, feeble and starving through buniya's
extortion,

We lay by the road-sides, dying or dead.

Look ! mark as ye come from out Dohad to
Jhálod

How bones still lie bleached by sun and
by rain !

True, what yet remain are now cared for and
“ pálo-ed ”

But think of the death-bed there on that
plain !

There, 'long the whole length of that upland
road dreary

Had died those whom famine spared for
awhile ;

Struck down by the cholera, fainting and
weary

They fell by the way-side, mile upon mile.

Tho' now with the changing of time has our
sorrow

Grown less than of yore, e'en still our
minds' eye

Calls back to our mem'ry whilst tracing the
furrow

The glare of those pyres which lit up the
sky.

Ashes of our fathers! how can we forget them!

For but of our race a remnant survives—

Who—who 'mongst us all can then cease to
regret them,

Ere we too must bow and yield up our
lives!

Weep—Weep O ye maidens, let sound of
your singing

Be hushed throughout ev'ry valley and dell
Join—join with the ones whose wild dirge
is still ringing

O'er lowland and upland, wasteland and fell!
Wail—Wail O ye Bheels throughout Málwa
and Meywar!

Nor less your lament, O ye of Panch
M'háls!

Mourn, too, all that come from the Mhye and
from Réwa,

For lo! o'er your dead the hungry dog
snarls!

A Farewell.

A little way we wandered
By pathways side by side—
The songbirds seemed more joyous,
The flowers oped more wide.

A few short hours together
The way of Life awhile
We journeyed, dear, and nature
Seemed brighter for thy smile .

And then and now we—meeting—
Would converse, thou and I,
Thy voice for me made music
So sweet,—I know not why!

And ever I would seek thee,
And watch and wait as though
All others passed unseen, dear,
—Nor know I why 't was so!

A little while soft music
Wove spells round thee and me,
I know not how to tell it,
—I breathed as 't were through thee!

Alas ! those days have faded,
I watched my dream depart !
Ah ! when those grey eyes left me,
The sunshine left my heart.

No more my steps may wander
By thine through scented air—
A desert plain now widens
Where had been gardens fair.

Farewell, then !—for a moment
Mid life's lone waste of years,
Thou made the earth seem fairer,
—Shed joy in place of tears !



Farewell ! Dear Wales.

Farewell ! dear Wales, my fatherland !
No more my steps may roam
Among thy glens and mountains grand,
My ancestors' wild home !

A wand'rer I upon the earth,
No hearth to call mine own—
A stranger land that gave me birth,
And such my dust must own.

Unheard the accents of thy tongue
Must ever be to me—
Thy lays be mute, thy songs unsung,
Whilst I am far from thee.

But tho' I seek a soldier's fame
And serve 'neath foreign skies,
More dear to me shall be thy name,
Repeated oft with sighs.

Farewell ! once more, my wild West land
Where e'er my lot be cast
Till death shall on me lay her hand,
My love for thee will last !

Oh ! Why so Unkind !

Oh ! why so unkind, thou fairest of daughters
Whom Erin's dear isle did ever behold!
Why strange is thy heart to tender emotion ?
And wherefore thy tone and glance thus so
cold ?

Say ; tell me the cause that makes thee seem
bitter

At times when perchance on love turns the
theme ;

Oh ! how could such beauty bloom but to
wither,

Then fade from this world as 'twere but a
dream !

For where were such eyes as thine, that from
under

Their dark silky lashes rival the stars
Which shine when the night is clearest and
stillest,

In climes where no cloud their splendour
e'er mars.

Or where were the love-locks found that
could equal

The dark clust'ring curls which cling to
thy brow ?

They breathe of their love like winds thro'
the pine-tree

Which ever at eve so plaintively blow.

Was ever the tint of wild rose so tender

As where the soft pink is seen on thy cheek?

'Tis like the soft hues of sunset which linger

On some lonely mountain's snow-covered
peak!

More sweet than the bud—than scent of the
jasmine,

The rose of thy lips—the breath from thy
mouth ;

More white is thy neck than foam of the
ocean,

And 'witching thy charm than Night in the
South.

Then who would believe that love could be
wanting ?

'Tis nature's true soul, a gift from on high—
How cold be the heart which beats 'neath
the bosom

Of colleen so fair, for whom I now sigh.

Then tell me I'm wrong, or tell me the reason !

Let sympathy once our sorrows unite :

Ah ! hast thou not loved, as I, in the by-gone,

Ere fell on our hope the withering blight !



My last "Good-Bye."

Forgive me, if in passion's hour
 The words I wrote, may seem unkind !
 To God alone is known the pow'r
 Of grief which long hath torn my mind !

But whither turn me now ? oh ! say !
 For but to *thee* my spirit cleaves ;
 Must thus in darkness end my day,
 Ere yet my sun its zenith leaves ?

Away, oh hope ! away, desire !
 What must be, will be, tho' it pain—
 But God in mercy quench this fire
 Which ceaseless burns my soul and brain

The ev'ning light is waning, love,
 And night unending drawing nigh,
 Yet pray'rs for thee shall soar above
 When hushed fore'er 's my last " good
 bye."



Song of the Kymric Exile.

Cambria, my distant home,
Ne'er shall I see thee!
Far o'er the ocean's foam
Exiled I flee thee ;
Where the Atlantic waves
Dash on yon shore and seethe
Long as lifes breath I breathe
Thus shall I sing thee
"Cymru fu,—Cymru fydd"!
Thus shall I sing thee!

Long have I strayed from thee
Far from thy mountains ;
Oft have I sighed for thy
Valleys and fountains !
There where the sun's fierce rays
Even the serpent flees
Cheered by thy plaintive lays
Thus would I sing thee.
"Cymru fu,—Cymru fydd "
Thus would I sing thee!

If 'neath a foeman's sword
Fate bids me for thee
Fall on the bloody sward—
Death clouding o'er me,
Glad will I cry aloud,
Ere life's last breath I breathe
Cambria, on high aloud
Thus shall I sing thee,
"Cymru fu,—Cymru fydd"!
Thus shall I sing thee!



Oh ! Love.

Oh ! Love, thou dearest gift of Heav'n !
 Sweetest of balms to mortals giv'n :—
 Sure refuge of each sadden'd heart,
 A woman's Love, these all thou art :
 And more, for oh ! what pen can tell ?
 What words describe the joy, the pain,
 That ever in man's breast must swell,
 Where thou art found, or sought in vain.

'Tis so, and yet how oft unkind
 Oh ! woman thou ! how oft a glance
 Or thoughtless word from thee will chance
 Far deeper wound, than thought of, find
 In man's unhappy breast : and oh !
 Where else as in thy bosom found
 The sympathy he longs to know
 Which in thy heart alone lies bound.

Then hearken thou, thro' mercy sent
 To be of man the heavenward guide !
 Oh ! let a kindly ear be lent
 To him who pleads of thee ; nor chide
 Him yet, for deeds full often done
 Which fain his inward soul would shun,
 Could he but find one loving breast
 To bid his way-worn spirit rest.

Song : Parted Forever.

Lowly murmur—murmuring by,
 Rippling waters seem to sigh!
 Sweetly blooming—fading—die
 O'er the grave where thou wilt lie,
 —Violets and anemones !

Softly call and sweetly sing
 Thrush and linnet in the spring,
 Blithe the lark's clear voice shall ring
 O'er the grave where thou wilt lie,
 —Nature's own dear melodies !

Gently soughing—soughing blow
 Summer winds, while winter's snow
 Lightly lies, and snow-drops grow
 O'er the grave where thou wilt lie,
 —Mingle all their harmonies !

Loving hands and tender strew
 Flow'rs and wreaths ; while morning's dew
 Glitters on the harebells blue,
 O'er the grave where thou wilt lie,
 —Lowly sound sweet symphonies.

Angel spirits hover near,
 Watch where resteth one so dear !
 Sunbeams fall on rain-drops clear
 O'er the grave where thou wilt lie,
 —Bloom, ye wild anemones !

Ever & Ever.

Ever and ever, following still,
 The sea-waves thunder and roar ;
 Ever and ever, murmuring still,
 The stream flows down to the shore
 Ceaseless ever, restless ever,
 Know they aught of woe ?
 Forward ever, shoreward ever,
 On their course they go.

Ever and ever, hurrying still
 Sunshine and cloud fleeting by :
 Ever and ever, changing yet still,
 The summer to winter's sky :
 Hastening ever, heeding never,
 Ever thus 'twill be ?
 " Thus has been, and shall be, ever ! "
 Answers back the sea.

Ever and ever—dawn into eve
 Must fade, and day into night :
 Ever and ever—nothing they leave
 To tell us of Time's swift flight ?
 Whither wending ? Whither trending ?
 Will it never cease ?
 Echo slowly answers lowly
 " It can never cease ! "

Ever and ever—wheel within wheel,
 Our life, our death, and our birth !
 Ever and ever,—woe follows weal,
 And sorrow mingles with mirth :
 Oh ! the weary, doubtful waking
 Of a soul that pines
 For a heart to soothe the aching
 Secret it confines !

Oh ! but to find one fond, loving, kind,
 And tender bosom to share
 Sorrow and sadness—joy and gladness—
 Awhile together to fare.
 Yearning would cease,—death but release,
 Spirits forever to dwell
 Wrapt in each other, loved-one and lover,
 Thus forever to dwell !



Fhir A Bhata.

The eve'ing sun was shedding
 A glow o'er the desert sand,
 Away to the westward setting,
 To rise in a distant land :—
 And I watched with a wistful longing
 Till the last of its rays had fled,
 While the thoughts that my breast were
 Were of days forever long dead. [thronging

The southern brief twilight faded,
 And hushed in the still of night
 My soul felt the charm that made it
 Call back the Past to my sight :
 And I thought of a broken promise
 Made by one who once was too kind,
 And of her who tried then to solace
 The sorrow that saddened my mind.

The stars shone out thro' the heavens,
 The zephyrs of night blew cool :
 The flit of an owlet frightens
 The frogs in the stagnant pool :
 And the call of a jackal wand'ring
 In search of its carrion prey,
 Made me start from thoughts I was pond'ring,
 And the dreams of a 'far away.'

.

The breakers dashed on a wild rocky shore
 The storm driven rain fell fast ;
 The wind blew chill over mountain and moor,
 And fierce was the northern blast ;
 I longed for a heart to comfort mine—
 To be all and in all to me,
 Yet ever I heard a voice divine
 Faintly singing this song to me :
 “ Fhir a bhata, na horo eila,
 Then fare thee well, love, where e’r thou
 [be !”

Oh ! Fhir a bhata, na horo eila
 What yearnings my heart yet fill !
 Oh ! Fhir a bhata, no horo eila
 I love thy sad strains e’en still !
 But oh ! why, tell me, haunt ye me now ?
 To awake but mem’ries of yore ?
 Could that voice ever plaintive and low
 Bid e’en me a welcome once more ?

But I heard no answer telling
 If cold would she be, or kind,
 Save the wand’ring jackal’s yelling,
 And sigh of the soft night wind :—
 But they seemed to bear me the echo
 Of a heart all tender and true,
 And my dreams, the song, and the echo.
 All breathed with the mem’ry of *you* !

The Flower Thou Gav'st Me.

The flower thou gav'st me is withered now,
Its sweetness all faded and gone—
But though I restore it thee, say not thou
Even so has my love, too, flown,

And though I part with this likeness of thee,
Oh ! think not it gives me no pain !
For closer still must thy mem'ry to me
Be bound by the Past's hallowed chain.

And these, to my heart more precious than all,
Which thy soul's tender breath do bear,
O'er which in thy grief thy tear-drops did fall,
Could I cease hold *them* ever dear !



Keltic Song, ' Ochein '!

The cold wind is blowing,

Ochein ! Ochein !

The darkness fast growing

Ochein ! Ochein !

I'm waiting thee, waiting thee

Alone, alone ;

Oh ! come to me, come to me !

Mine own ! mine own

The drear night is falling,

Ochein ! Ochein !

And still I am calling,

Ochein ! Ochein !

I'm looking still, longing still

For thee ! for thee ;

Oh ! where art thou, where can'st thou

Love, be ; love be.

The wild seas are swelling,

Ochein ! Ochein !

The waves round me welling,

Ochein ! Ochein !

Oh take me love ! take me love !

Ere I, ere I

To love no more, live no more

There lie ; there lie.

To Nina.

Once more to clasp thee to my heart!
Once more to kiss thee, ere we part!
Once more with trembling passion know
That I have lived—and loved!

Loved,—tho' in vain—ah! still the bliss
Centred in one long ling'ring kiss,
One moment's rapture free from woe
Were worth my all beside!

Oh! what the sweetness of one hour
Lost in Oblivion's soothing pow'r,
Wrapt in thine arms I'd all forego
Remembrance of my Being!



Psalm in Praise of the Marwar Desert.

I will sing praises unto the Lord,
 Behold, unto the Lord of the Universe will
I sing!
 For lo! He has brought me again to the land
that I love,
 To a land of boundless desert and sands,
 Of rock heaped on rock, and of thorns,
 Where the spirit of Eternity dwells
 In a land where cities are not.

Behold! the thronging streets!
 The striving together of men!
 Are they not left afar? afar in the sea-coast
 To the desert land have I fled, [towns?
 To the Marwar and Jodhpur desert,
 To the West are the sands of Scinde,
 To the North, Bikaner!—Jaisalmer, too, is
there!

The East hast thou bounded with hills,
O Lord!
 With the hills of Arivalli and Meywar,
 The jungle country of the Bheel,
 Of the sambar and tiger and bear:
 To the South afar off, behold!

Are the many dwellings of men,
 For Gujrat, the land of corn and milk and
 plenty

Does it not border our land ?
 Rājāsthān !, it borders on her !

In the caves of the hills, where the rocks
 Hang over and tremble o'er each other
 Behold ! the panther and hyæna there dwell ;
 They mark the flocks of the goats,
 The black goats of Marwar are their prey:
 The sheep, the bleating lambs, and the ewes
 That are heavy with young,
 Are they not a prey to the panther and wolf ?

When the flocks are driven South
 Thro' Ahm'dabad, thro' Deesa, to the City
 The hirelings drive them on,
 From dawn till dusk they are driven ;
 Some fall by the way, for pasture
 and water are scant,
 The knife of the flesher will end
 The lives of those that survive !

But the sunlight of evening lightens
 The sands and the hills of our land !
 Behold ! the bloom of the grape !
 The blush of the rose ! of a maid !

What are they to the sunset flush of the
[desert!

The flocks are folded and safe,
The oxen home from their toil—
The fields are ploughed, the seed is sown,
and behold!

We wait for the rain of Heaven :

The light soil beareth her crops
Of jowar, of bajra, of maize!
And the wells, the arhats, the Persian wells,
Give the water of life to the land !
The trees that shade them are green—
Afar off they are seen on the plain !—
The click of the dog, the wooden dog, as it
[falls

Tells through the midnight hours
By night, when the stars keep watch,
That the bullocks and driver, they tread
[round,
And the water continues to flow !

Behold ! the Dawn : It tinges with yellow
and green

The Sky !—It flushes with crimson and red
The bare hills and rocks of our land,
And the sands of the plain are aglow !
Behold, O Lord ! the doves,
The rock-doves,—they come in their
thousands !

From the rocks, the clefts in the rocks,
and the wells,
They fly forth and rush past
Like a gust of the desert wind !
To the grain-sellers shops they fly fast,
To the siding where the loaded corn
Waits the train that bears it away
From our land, and the great Punjab !
Where the sacks are rent, and the grain
is scaftered,
The rock doves, behold as a cloud
In their sacred millions they fly !

The sun has risen, O Lord !
Thy glorious sun, O God !
The partridge, she praiseth Thee,
From the ant-heap she calls upon Thee :—
The gazelles are winding their way
The chinkara, the blackbuck, and the does,
They are getting them back from the
fields of corn,
Green fields, where they fed by night
To the jungle of spear-grass and thorn :
They will keep watch by day, and take rest
'Neath the shade of acacia and ber.

The midday sun!—it is hot!
It parcheth the barren land!

By the well where the waters are cool !
 Where the trees give shade, I will rest,
 And give thanks unto thee, Eloi !

The sand-grouse, its call sounds afar
 In the brazen vault of Heaven !
 She comes in her hundreds and thousands
 To drink by the sands of the river !
 She returns to her rest, and gives thanks,
 Upon thee, O Lord ! she will call !
 The gun and the hawk have escaped her
 The fox and the jackal she will scorn !
 Her young are fledged, and her duty done,
 Her race will survive, yea ! until,
 The bones of her enemies be dust !

The rain from Heaven has come !
 The Earth, behold ! it is green !
 The long grass waves !—the oxen and kine,
 Behold ! and the buffaloes, are sleek !
 They go to their bellies in grass,
 With their tails they whisk off the fly :
 And the camels, perceive ! how they browse
 On the tender flower of the babool !

Thy Resting-Place.

Strew o'er it flowers, fair flowers,
All gathered from woodland and dell,
Place o'er it wreaths of fair flowers
And sow them and tend them there well.

Gather the harebell, the violet
From glades whither streamlets flow by :
Bind for it wreaths and fair crosses
Of lillies, roses, narcissi.

Peaceful the cross and unsullied
Watch o'er where my loved one will lie :
There let the thrush and the robin
Sing vespers to sunseting sky.

So may the summer night-breezes
Which whispering wander forlorn,
Kiss thy dear cross, that the moonbeams
In love to white angel transform.

Sleep there, Love ! Rest from thy sorrow !
The God whom thou lovedst will take
Care for a soul that was anguished,
Till—who knows ?—He bid thee Awake

**“ Love’s Light,” or
“ The Gates of the East”.**

Only a seaport of infamous fame !
 Smelling and dirty, Then why ask its name ?
 Only a port called “ The Gates of the East ”
 Where ‘scum of the Earth, turns Man into
Beast !

Only a port, where by day and by night
 Steamers steal by, known by flag or by
light :—

Only a port, where thro’ lucre and lust
 Man’s divine image is soiled in the dust.

Only a port, where from East and from
West,

Trade, and the Nations, pass without rest ;
 Gamble and dance—a low theatre and rink—
 Make up the sum of this human-made sink.

Naught then save such, to give rest to
the eye

Canst thou then tell of ? No sea or no sky
 Witness Eternal the Power unknown ?

Ay ; two things there were, though but two
alone !

Nearby an altar to the Christ there stood
 Image of a virgin, all pure and good :—
 “Mother-of-God” by Italians called,
 Ave Maria ! Madonna, thou ! mild !

Kneeling there low—as though held in a
trance—
 Silently prayed a lone woman of France ;
 Flickered a candle, as emblem of Love,
 Burning e’er tender from Heaven above !

These, and those only then, sawest thou
there ?
 To raise a poor soul from depths of despair ?
 Nay ! yet another, that is yet to tell,
 Saw I, and heard :—yes ! and loved her well !

Arab the boatman, that had rowed them
near,—
 Steadied the boat that the song we might
hear ;—

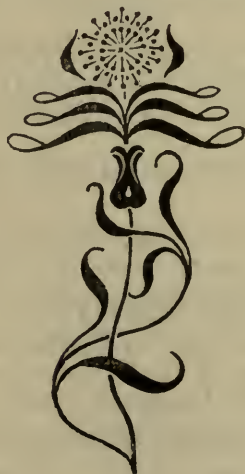
Only three singers from Italy’s shore,
 Poverty’s home, yet aye hallowed the more !

One only I saw ! one only beheld—
 Eyes full of sadness, dark eyes that would
melt

Heart that were hardest ! brute-nature
restrain :
 Speaking of Love, and of passionate Pain !

“ Santa Lucia ” “ Paloma ” they sang,
 Soft as guitar and the mandoline rang!
 Notes of the heart only Southerners know,
 Filled with Iberian pathos and glow.

Sad was her face, yet e'en sadder those eyes!
 Minor the notes—and all slender the form!
 Mercy, Oh! Heaven! look down from those
 Pity, Maria, thy daughter forlorn! [skies!



Ave, Maris Stella !

Ave Maria ! Sweet Mary mild,
Thou only sinless bore thy child !
Thou only, they say, wert virgin pure,
Sancta Purissima !

Ave Maria ! Tis ev'ning hour,
Hushing the birds, — closing the flow'r,
Which gave the day of its sweetest life,
Sancta Pulchrissima—

Ave Maria ! the twilight fades
Fast fall the Southern nightly shades,
Silent the stars through the darkness shine,
Ave, Maris Stella !

Ave Maria ! for those, we love
Hear our pray'r from Heaven above
When in silence they are laid to rest,
Parce Sanctissima,

Ave Maria ! the flow'rs that bloom
Around each grave, or lonely tomb,
Let them not fade, nor yet wholly die,
Nostra rosa mystica !

Ave Maria ! May tender hand,
 Of wandering pilgrim thro' this land,
 O'er a once-loved head one flow'ret lay,
 Sancta virgo virginum !

Ave Maria ! ere we the dead
 Leave in their rest, and one once wed
 Sheds tears, like pearls, o'er thy Rosary,
 Audi nos, Regina.

Ave Maria ! oh, hear the cry !
 Of vain, vain anguish rising high,
 Pity, and comfort, that bitter pain :
 Stella Matutina !



A Mountain Rose.

While wand'ring up by a mountain path,
I espied a wild-rose tree,
With the fairest bud that ever bloomed,
Tenderly looking at me—
I wished to gather it, for I found
No thorns my fingers to prick!
But stayed, for it was so very fair,
I could not that rose-bud pick!

I bended it gently to'rds my face—
For I wished to breathe its scent—
And dew-drops fell from their nestling place,
On the pathway where I went.
So I left my bud to bloom so fair,
Far up on that mountain side,
To greet each Dawn in the cool fresh air,
While in beauty it might hide.

I came again to my wild-rose tree,
And yet again, and once more,
Till I found my bud become a rose—
All pink, and all white, so pure!
Again I kissed its fragile sweet face,
Scenting its delicate smell,
Then onward still my way I would trace,
Through mountain glade and through dell.

Once more I came by my wild-rose tree,
 But the branch whereon it grew,
 Was broken and torn, nor could I see,
 My rose-bud kissed by the dew :
 But found as sadly I went my way,
 A petal,—both here, and there,
 All soiled by the earth whereon they lay—
 Rose-petals that were so fair !

So following on from step to step,
 —At each spot I felt a tear
 Fall, as I gathered my rose-leaves up,
 —Of the bud I loved so dear !
 And further yet, till I came at last
 To a stone that served a seat,
 Where I found my rose-branch careless cast
 All trampled there at my feet !

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That rose I loved was a maiden fair,
 Who lived on a mountain side.
 Far from the withering heat and glare,
 Of these plains so drear and wide :
 Her breath was as the scent of the rose,
 Wafted faint, as breezes stir ;
 The dew-drops hid where the petals close,
 The pearls on her shell-like ear.

And each time I met that maiden there,
 She seemed—could it be?—more fair!
 Till she blossomed forth a woman mild—
 No longer my mountain child.
 And the time I found my rose-bud gone,
 Was the time they bade her go
 Forth from those Blue Hills and far beyond,
 To those distant plains below.

And the hand that tore my rose-bud dear,
 From the branch whereon it grew,
 Was e'en of Marriage, which called her here,
 From that mountain-side I knew.
 The petals that fell the way she passed,
 Were the wrinkles put by Time,
 The spot where I found my rose-branch cast,
 The grave where her body's lying!

* * * *

I would my rose-bud had bloomed for aye,
 On that mountain-side so wild!
 The tender pink on her cheek that lay,
 For ever a maiden child!
 Or if to fade and die is the doom,
 Which waits for the fairest flow'r,
 Then would it might bear a twin-like bloom,
 To smile in some mountain bow'r!

Flowers.

On the slopes of Dodabetta,
Where the mist-clouds come and go—
Now in sunshine—Now in shower,
I wandered dreaming, long ago!
Neath the bluegums, bent and swaying
To the monsoon's western wind,
By some pathway upward straying,
Leaving all the vales behind—
Onward climbing, upward still,
Into mist-clouds cold and chill,
—I wandered, dreaming!

'Neath the grey cinchonas dripping,
O'er the mountain torrent's way,
Past the slopes where sheep were bleating
To where the lonely cattle stray:
Where the rocks are dark and jagged,
And the wind blows fierce and strong,
Save some herdsman, wild and ragged,
None there pass those paths along:
There I found, where God had hid—
Trembling tears on half-closed lid—
—A violet, weeping!

In a garden dearly tended,
 Where the scented jasmines climb,
 Where the rose's breath is blended
 With dreams of Love and Night sublime,
 Music swelling, heartstrings trembling—
 Passioned scent of tuberose borne
 Soft on night-winds gently stealing.
 Melts the heart, and Love is born!
 There I found,—a myrtle flow'r?
 Hush my soul! a winter's show'r!
 —A snow-drop, quiv'ring!

Thus from life's fast ebbing fountain,
 Light and Love and Music fade!
 Sunset-glows on snow-wrapped mountain,
 They pass, and leave its peaks in shade!
 Desert-sands and barren hillside
 Glory God at dawning day,
 But the moonlit desert's way-side,
 Speaks of Death, all still and grey.
 Stay then! Breath of Life most dear!
 Spare the flow'r than all more fair!
 —Thy violet, weeping?
 —My maiden, sleeping!

Lead me There !

Where the nullah's bed out-wid'ning
 Meets the outspread plains below,
 Where the lurid desert ev'ning
 Gilds the hills with ruddy glow :
 Where the sand at noontide dazzles
 Quiv'ring hazy, 'fore the eyes,
 Where the rain-fed torrent straggles
 Stagnant 'neath all brazen skies :—
 Where the boulders choke the passes,
 And the nullah-bed rebends,
 Where gaunt Death with Life there marches
 Meeting, greet each other ' Friends ' !
 Where the blown-out camel carcass
 Feeds the jackal gang by night,
 And the vulture king and griffon
 Stoop from heaven in their flight—
 Where hyænas make their dwelling,
 And all desolation reigns.
 Where the stricken oxen falling,
 Give their bones to sun and rains !
 Dost thou know it ?
 Hast thou seen it ?
 Those Eastern desert lands ?
 Only England's smiling meadows,
 With her pleasant seaside strands !

Lead me there, when Night is falling !
 Ev'ning closing round apace—
 In my ear I hear Death calling,
 Light's dim'd rays dark shadows chase !
 Wouldst thou shudder at such places ?
 Feel thy heart, Love, sink with pain ?
 Acheing soul, and tear that traces
 Course thou--sobbing--would restrain ?
 Better think'st the green grave tended
 By thy hands, so white and pure ?
 Thou couldst there 'neath yew-tree bended
 Lay thy wreaths, in pray'rs implore
 Heaven's angels keep my love, dear,
 True, nor let it share this doom
 Till where love Eternal move, dear,
 Meeting, sorrow have no room :—
 Think'st thy soul could make it's throbbing
 Reach my ear ? Thy pray'rs, too, hear ?
 Bid thee cease all vainly sobbing,
 Be thy lonely spirit near ?
 Thy grave be green !
 Not so, I ween,
 For me Fate wills, nor I !
 Hast thou ever seen the jackal
 Slink into his hole to die ?

As the camel Kâf'lah wending
 Out the gorges to the plain,
 As the mountain flocks descending
 Sun-smote hills to fresh'ning rain :
 As when winter's snows are melting.
 Westward turn the nomad clans,
 Leaving desert Scinde all swelt'ring,
 Joyful, greet new pasture lands :—
 Where the pearly tints of Dawning
 Strike o'er barren border hills,
 Springtime comes !—away with mourning
 The Border passed !—Joy but fills
 Hearts as Ghilzai and Brahui
 Bear, where ever passion burns,
 Love and Vengeance ! Death or Freedom
 Strangers' power alike that spurns :—
 Know they joy ?—'Neath starlit Heaven—
 —(Camel-bells are sounding slow)—
 Arms enfolding dark-eyed maiden—
 —(Lambing ewes all bleth'ring low)—
 Youth kisses Love,
 And Night, the Dawning !
 Not always Death may reign !
 Dry thy tears, fond heart, cease mourning !
 Through yon Gorge, we meet again !

Snowdrops and Cypress.

I bind my garlands of snowdrops pure—
 —The snow still covers the ground—
 I'll twine my garlands of primrose fair,
 When the Spring all breathes around.

I bind my chains of the harebells blue,
 In the glades on ev'ry side
 They waft the scent from God which they
 In the joy of young springtide. [drew,

I'll gather bunches of violets sweet,
 That up-gaze with tear-filled eye
 Where the mountain rills in streamlets meet
 Flow ever with murmur by!

I'll string my garlands of daisies fair,—
 —Buttercups, yellow and gold;
 Of windflow'rs blowing in wintry air,
 In vales that the hills enfold.

I make my garlands of hawthorn bloom
 Of the wild-rose, pink and red!
 For the spring has fled, and oh! in June
 Snowdrops are withered and dead!

I'll tie my garlands of lillies dear,
 Of myrtle and orange bloom—
 Summer has come, and the Bride is here,
 —Why tarries the bridal groom?

I'll give the fruit of the apple tree—
 —Its blossom, it fell with May—
 The pear, too, take ! for to make the three
 The vine,—'twill bear in its day !

* * * *

I weave my wreaths of the lillies pure,
 White roses, narcissi too !
 Of ivy leaf and the fern that's sere,
 Spring died :—now summer we rue !

I wind my wreaths with the cypress leaves,
 Of laurels, russet and red !
 When the flower fades, it only leaves
 The stem whence the bloom was shed !

I'll cull my wreaths from the holly trees,
 Anon, from the mystletoe !
 But myrtle and orange, lilac,—these
 Are hid 'neath the winter's snow !

My violets, snowdrops, rose beside—
 —All now are faded and dead !
 Of Spring the Child,—of Summer the Bride,
 In June with roses that wed !

* * * * *

Not one, but of three, thou spak'st to me !
 Thou told'st me how three did rest
 Where lay thy wreaths from the cypress trees
 ****?—Two babes sleep cold at her breast !



A Message (Song)

An angel touched me in my sleep—
From Heaven a message brought me!
Waking, I thought I heard her weep—
—'Twas only in dreams I sought thee!

Dream, or angel!—to me the same!
One message yet more I wing thee!—
If God's in Heav'n, and 'Love' His Name,
To Heaven His angel bring me!



The Earth is Fair !

The earth is fair, the sky is fair !
The breeze blows fresh, and everywhere
There's joy in bird and flower and field—
—My heart alone is sad with care !

The sky is blue, while cloudlets white
Drift hither—thither, and morning light
Falls soft and clear o'er a world that's gay
—My heart alone is chill as night !

The kidlings skip, and children play,
The cattle rest mid the heat of day
Where glad is the shade of spreading tree,
—My heart alone is sere and grey !

The sun droops down to kiss the earth,
The evensongs of the birds with mirth
The daylight hush as in sleep it wanes,
—My heart alone feels pain and dearth !

The stars shine forth like sapphires blue,
Emerald and diamond, ruby too,
They look on the world with infant's joy
—My heart alone's sorrel and rue !

The moon in glory rises now,—
As bride comes forth with her spotless brow
Oh! the world is fair, yet ev'rywhere
—My heart to all is dead enow!

I look with longing eyes to where
The hills and plains all melt into air,
To the world beyond I'd send my soul
—Haply 'twill rest with thee, love, there.



To a Mallard.

Cold December, bleak and bitter,
 Storm-clouds dark and blue now hide
 All Hazâra's snow-peaks' glitter,
 And the Peer Punjâl beside—
 Westward sets the blood-red sun
 'Yond the Soofeyd Koh, and one
 More year is numbered.

Comes the sound of ewes that blaffer,
 —Seek their lambs of yester e'en—
 O'er the sedgy stream the flutter
 Of wildfowl rising, dimly seen :—
 List ! the sound of rushing wings,
 And of hymn the Moslem sings,
 As daylight slumbered.

In the dhoke* the flock is folded,
 Rising—falls the jundur's† sound
 Where the millstones crudely moulded
 Turn, while golden wheat is ground :
 Dying, lingers yet the light,
 And the wild-duck rise in flight,
 All loudly calling.

* Hamlet.

† Water-mill.

Hark ! was that a shot that sounded
Through the dusk, where wildfowl
scream ?
Swiftly onward—downward—wounded
Sweeps a mallard to'rds the stream !
Yet too far the edge to gain,
Never now to rise again,
I heard him, falling !

Chilly blows the night-wind moaning
O'er the barren Hurro plains,
Faded now the winter's gloaming,
And a mallard's life-blood stains
Lifeless head and bleeding breast
And the hand of him who pressed
A trigger on him.

Homeward now, the day long ended—
—Teal and mallard, pintail too—
Was there naught with joy then blended
As the night-wind coldly blew
Across those plains ? and there rose
Long-drawn voice the moslem knows—
The hymn of Islam ?

Mournful—plaintive—fitful rising
 Comes that hymn, which came-lmen
 Sing as daylight dawns, or dying
 Light of even fades, or when
 Guiding by the stars they know
 Sing “ La Ilah **—” deep and
 And bells are tinkling! [slow

Tell me then my wild, wild mallard,
 Had thou journeyed long and far?
 Had those wings which bore thee onward
 Winged thy flight from Kandahar?
 Or in Kashmir's valley blest
 Was thy mother's downy nest?
 Or yet by Obi?

Voiceless, lifeless hangs the lovely
 Bronze-green head and stricken wing,
 Tells not where his mate had haply
 Reared her brood mid moss and ling—
 Far from North as winter drove
 To thy Fate thy strong wings clove—
 —Till one shot struck thee!

* La Ilaha il Allahu, &c.

The Bleating of the Flocks.

All silent and still was the ev'ning hour
 And the sunset lit as with gold
 The sunburnt grass and the yellowing sand,
 —And the shepherds watch by the fold.
 O'er the upland plain came wafted the sound
 (While the west-wind rustled and sighed)
 Of the flockling's bleating, and mother ewe
 That called her wee lamb to her side.

The kidlings' skipping was over once more
 Once more had the red sun set—
 And one day more had been numbered and
 —Did it bring to the fold regret? [o'er,
 A thousand such years of the self-same scene
 And sounds have the shepherds, too,
 known!
 —Did it trouble the lamb that drank its fill?
 Or the shepherd with grey hairs grown?

'Twas peaceful, all peace, as the daylight
 died,
 And the young moon shines and now fades
 'Tween winter clouds that are bringing the
 Will freshen the withering blades, [rain

The daylight dawns : —does there peace then
still reign

Mid the sheepfolds, where evening's light
Fell ruddy and red o'er the wid'ning plain,

With the west-wind sighing "good-night"?
Did the old man flee as the hireling fled

When the wolf came down on the fold?
Those thousands of years long ago and more,
In the 'book of books' as is told?

May be there glistened in that aged eye

A tear, as the shepherd beheld
And looked on the ewe-lambs rended in
twain—

—Where his fav'rite ewe had been felled,
And the wolves had torn her all limb from
limb,

With the red blood staining the ground!
—Dost know how the Eastern shepherd then
folds

And yet watches his flocks around?

To a Moth.

'Twas in an old-time garden
 Where Moghul chief once lived
 (Two hundred years since, may be,
 His soul went to its rest)
 And now a grey-haired moollah¹
 There dwells:—Here, too, the tomb
 Of once a fairest begum²
 All crumbling now to dust:
 And here the holy ziârat³
 Of some once famous 'peer,'⁴
 All white, with lamp-niche tended
 By grey-haired moollah's hand.

'Twas ev'ning, as we passing
 By chance and not intent,
 There halted—greeted kindly,
 To rest a while content,
 And learn some Arab proverb,
 Or Persian tale to list,
 Or yet some Indian legend
 Of Moghul chieftain hear:
 Whiche'er might be, we tarried,
 Nor heeded aught of Time.

¹ Mohamadan Preacher. ² Mohamadan lady.
³ Shrine ⁴ Saint

There joined us soon a moulvie,⁵
 In years he, too, grown grey,
 And so we four sat talking
 Of life, and death, and Heav'n :
 Thus in that Indian garden
 (None know such, save who've seen)
 The night in all her glory
 There found us sitting still ;

The moonlight fell all silver
 On tomb of saint and spouse,
 —She once in youth and beauty
 The idol of her lord —
 So sat we there discoursing,
 And many a tale I heard
 But most of all of Allah,
 By all men justly feared :
 And oft the flitting owl
 From branch to branch would pass,
 And then and now her cousin
 The great-eared owl would hoot.

⁵ Minister or Teacher.

Save these, the night was stillness,
 The jackals' calling o'er,
 The low-toned voices only
 Rose through the silent air
 Of that fair moonlit garden,
 And we still seated there :
 Where orange trees and citron,
 Pommegranate, fruit and flower,
 All grew, with paths and 'chumuns' ⁶
 And oleander trees,
 With cypresses and jasmine,
 And rose, as Moslems love.

One other joined our party,
 Than moulvie younger he,
 Of music yet a master,
 With him his stringed 'rabâb' : ⁷
 And many a tale and love-song
 And 'ghuzul' ⁸ sang us there :
 The pale moon slowly passing
 In silent course o'erhead,
 The world all peace and stillness,
 We mused and talked of Fate.

⁶ Lawn or parterre ⁷ Persian guitar. ⁸ Love-poem

'Twas thus, while dim the lantern
 From hanging bough nearby
 There threw its red light softly
 O'er mournful cypress tree,
 O'er orange bloom and myrtle,
 And guava's bended bough,
 While roses pink and moghra⁹
 With dew of eve refreshed
 Gave scent—the snare of lovers—
 To night air soft and cool.

Two Sisters came then flitting
 By light and love beguiled,
 And one the moth of velvet,
 And one a star-lit gem.
 The firefly, flitting—flitted
 By coolest waters' edge,
 By 'chumpa' ¹⁰ bloom and citron
 To scented myrtle's hedge,
 By 'granate's crimson flower,
 Then out to darkest shade,
 Nor ever backward glancing,
 She sought her love-lit mate.

⁹ Double jasmine.

¹⁰ The ' Temple tree ' of Ceylon.

That other dark-eyed sister,
 The moth of velvet breast,
 Of tender soft-brown bosom
 And saddest embered eyes
 Gazelle-like, yet as em'rald
 And ruby,—breathing Pain
 Into the silver moonlight
 She onward flitting came :
 Beneath the shade of cypress,
 Then by the orange bloom,
 Now o'er the oleander'
 Now by the citron's flow'r,
 Yet flitting nearer ever
 From out the night she drew
 To where the red light flickered
 (Her sad love sought she there ?)
 Nearby the flame now passing,
 Yet passing, turned again
 Unto the lamp in anguish,
 Around—above—below,
 Dashed in and fell all shattered
 And torn, yet rose again,
 Then fell once more all trembling
 And quiv'ring in her pain :

One tremor,—then in stillness
And calm she lies in death :

—“Hence loved she, say ! the cypress
And shunned the myrtle’s breath ?—

Turning, I asked the moollah,
Who answ’ring, told me why,
“Chiragh par hai wuh âshiq,
Is waste marta hai !”

The Lamp, it is her Lover,
She therefore burns to die !



Blossom and Blight.

The Summer morn kissed softly
 A sleeping world all fair,
 She touched the soul of Nature,
 And lo! Love wakened there!
 And field and wold and woodland,
 —The stream that murmured by,
 The waving wheat and meadow,
 Looked up and heard him sigh.

The Summer sun breathed warmly
 O'er dale and garden lawn,
 And bird and bee and flower
 Each knew that Love was born:
 He entered by that threshold
 Where roses white and red
 Shed petals o'er his pathway,
 And decked his bridal bed,

*

*

*

The Wintry day was dying,
 And winds blew chill and cold,
 But thrush and mavis sang there,
 And lambs made glad the fold:
 The mists were shrouding darkly
 Yon mountain crags and fells,
 But from the vale came ringing
 The voice of distant bells.

A mountain path lay winding
 From moor to sheltered dale,
 The early spring was spreading
 O'er mead and low land vale,
 When there, beside that pathway,
 Where mists and chill winds blew,
 Half hidden 'neath the fern-leaf
 A wild white violet grew !

LOVE passed along that pathway,
 Alone—forlorn—denied,
 He stooped and pulled that violet—
 —It sighing, drooped and died !
 He hid it in his bosom
 With tender gentlest care,
 And kissed the withered petals,
 For Hope lay buried there.

* * *

A hundred years swift speeding
 Have passed o'er hill and plain,
 And still those summer roses
 Are kissed by dew and rain :
 But yonder, on that hill side
 Where weeping mists lie chill,
 No longer blooms the violet,
 For Love lies buried still.

THE END.

Some Press Opinions.

We have received from the Publishers, Messrs. Higginbotham & Co., of Madras, a very tastefully got up little volume of poems, entitled "In an Indian Garden, and Other Verses" by J. W. Morgan, which is moderately priced at Re. 1-8. Some of the verses have already appeared in our columns notably "The Breaking of the Rains," "Night-fall in Baluchistan," and "In an Indian Garden," which we have reason to know have been much admired. But of all the poems in the book, the one that appeals to us most is that entitled "Three Lives : a Frontier Tale," which is probably founded on fact and relates how first the father and then the son were added :—

To the roll of those who rest,
'Cross the oft-fought North-West Frontier
May be God thus thought it best !

Throughout the little volume there runs a vein of sadness, and the verses are mostly written in a minor key. This, however, does not detract from their charm and the little book is full of poetical feeling and picturesque description. The verses cover a wide range of subjects, nearly all of which are of Indian origin. We may add that the paper and type used are excellent in quality, and that the volume has been turned out in a highly creditable manner.—*Empress.*

"IN AN INDIAN GARDEN."— With a few exceptions, one of them great, the poets of Anglo-India seem afflicted with an inability to master the art of scansion. Perhaps there is something in the air of India which makes rythm and the English language incompatible ; for Indians, whose native

poetry and music is above all things rhythmical, generally lose their sense of metre when they venture into English verse. Even a poetess, such as Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, occasionally lapses. Weakness in rhythm mars an otherwise pleasing book of poems by an Anglo-Welsh writer, J. W. Morgan. "In an Indian Garden" (Messrs. Higginbotham and Co., Madras), is full of poetical ideas. The wild melancholy strain in a typical Celtic temperament is well suited to verses on love, on exile, and on India. The best piece is that which lends its title to the volume. "Nightfall in Baluchistan" is also good and full of the right spirit though not innocent of the author's besetting sin. There is merit too in "The Bheel's Lament," and pearls are scattered here and there throughout the book, but they are not always in a worthy setting. If the author would but study the rules of metre and the mechanical art of constructing poems, we feel assured that he is capable of producing something really good.—*Pioneer*.

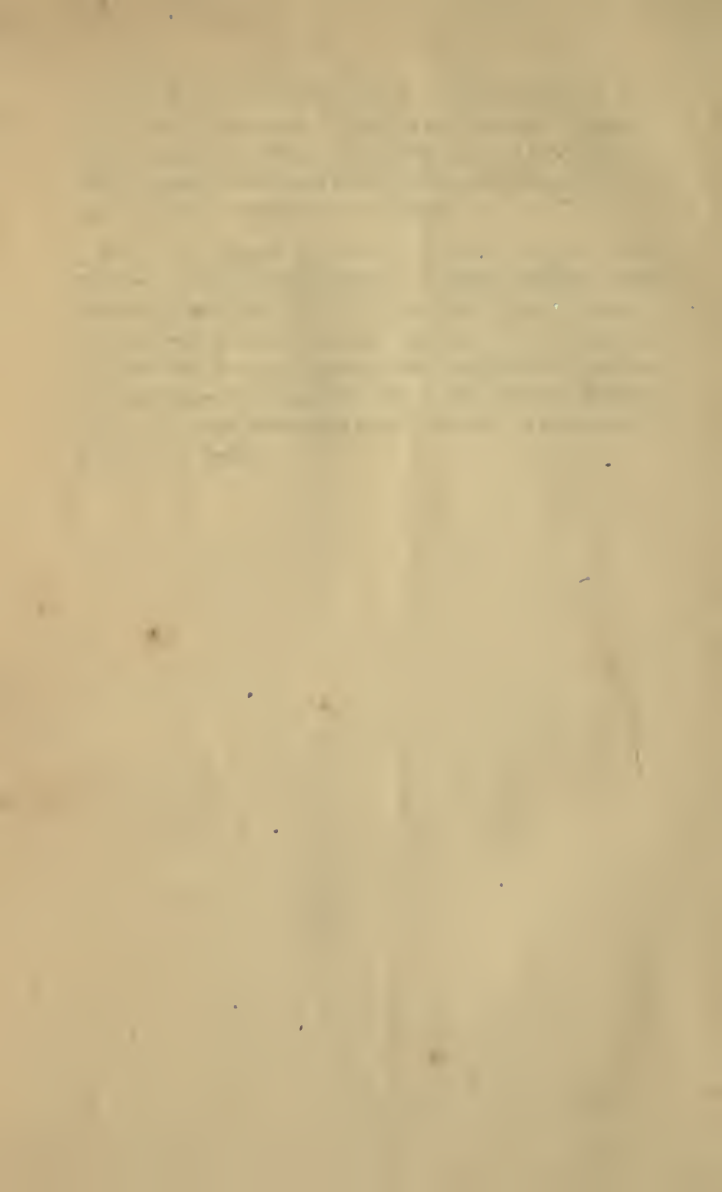
(*In an Indian Garden*, and other verses, by J. W. Morgan ; Madras, Higginbotham and Co.)

This is a collection of some excellent verses, some of which have appeared in the columns of the local *Empress*. They depict in poetic fancy some of the common everyday things we see in India, and familiarity with which has bred that contempt which passes them by as of no concern. Thus, "The Breaking of the Ruins" strikes the poet in a light of its own :—

No longer the blue Sawalik hills
Horizon the outspread Doon.
This raging tempest is ush'ring in
The longed-for West monsoon !

Another poem, "Three Lives: A Frontier Tale," is in the writer's best strain. "The Bheel's Lament" is another good production. There are several others of equal merit. The author has the true poetic spirit, and we can recommend the little volume to our readers.

Mr. J. W. Morgan has brought together *In An Indian Garden* a collection of his verses. Many of them deal with Indian subjects and will be found interesting by Anglo-Indians and English-knowing Indians. His sentiments are agreeable, his intentions amiable, and some of his ideas are original and betray him to be a keen lover of Nature, but, we fear, the poetic technique of the verses leaves something to be desired.





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